

BARK OF A DEAD DOG

VOICE: Lights Out - everybody!

BIZ: CHIMES - WIND TO REGISTER - GONG -

VOICE: The Bark of a Dead Dog!

(PAUSE)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: HUM OF SMALL ELECTRIC MOTOR - SWITCH SNAP - MOTOR STOPS -

(PAUSE)

ERIC: Light one of those Bunsen burners, will ya, Gunther? (PAUSE)

kept
Hey! we've ~~got~~ Sibbley waiting fifteen minutes already - *give*
hell be waiting to drive back to town. Give me a hand
me a hand.

GUNTHER: (COMING IN) I've been doing a little planning - ~~xxxxxx~~

ERIC: The plans won't be much use unless we get Bowser to bark
for Sibbley. Light that Bunsen burner while I take the cover
off -

GUNTHER: (INTERRUPTING) *Don't* Stop! (THEN SHAKILY) D-don't uncover that
thing. It gives me the creeps; I don't want to look at it.

ERIC: (CHUCKLING) What's the matter, Gunther? Still squeamish?

GUNTHER: Yeah - yeah - I can't get over it.

ERIC: If you want Sibbley to think you're a doctor you've got to
have more than that phony bedside manner. Objectivity is
what you need.

GUNTHER: (IMPATIENTLY) Yeah-yeah - I know.

ERIC: It's just a dog, Gunther. Not even that - just the head
of a dog.

GUNTHER: But those eye. They look just like they did when -

ERIC: The dog's dead. Just keep that in mind.

GUNTHER: I wished I hadn't been the one who had to take care of the pooch before you - (STOPS)

ERIC: Sure-sure - I know all of that. I like dogs, too. The pooch had that same trusting look in his eyes when I killed him, but I don't think of it. Twenty thousand bucks - that's what I'm thinking of.

GUNTHER: I'll be okay. It just kinda gave me a jolt when you started to uncover that darned things I'll be okay.

ERIC: Just keep in mind that if that head ~~will~~ barks for Sibbley we'll be in nine thousand apiece. (PAUSE) Now - light ^{the} ~~that~~ Bunsen burner.

GUNTHER: (MOVING AWAY) Under this whatcham'callit?

ERIC: The beaker - yeah. And don't call beakers "whatcham'callits" when Sibbley's in here. That'd be a tip-off for sure.

Biz ~~STRIKING MATCHES AWAY~~
GUNTHER: (GRUMBLING - SLIGHTLY AWAY) Don't worry about me. Just you get this contraption to operate and I'll take care of myself okay.

ERIC: Turn the flame up a little higher.

GUNTHER: Ummm.

ERIC: You can bring Sibbley and ~~Willa~~ Willa in now. By the time I tell him what it's all about the solution will be ^{warm} ~~hot~~ enough.

GUNTHER: ~~(GOING AWAY)~~ You do all the talking - and don't let him as me questions either.

(SLIGHTLY AWAY)
ERIC: Don't worry.

GUNTHER: ~~(AWAY)~~ - HALF WHISPER) And let me talk money with him. That'll be my end of it.

(SAME AWAY)
ERIC: Okay - but let him bring up the money angle. Don't act too anxious.

GUNTHER: (~~AWAY~~) I know what to do.

BIZ: DOOR OPEN - ~~AWAY~~

GUNTHER: (CHANGE OF MANNER) You may come in now, Mr. Sibbley. We're ready with the demonstration.

SIBBLEY: (COMING IN) Well - this should be interesting, Dr. Gunther. This young lady had been telling me so ^{very quite} ~~rather~~ wonderful things about the work you're doing.

GUNTHER: I hope you didn't exaggerate to ~~the~~ Mr. Sibbley, Willa.

SIBBLEY: (CHUCKLING) Modest - just as you said ~~that~~ ^{what} he was.

WILLA: I didn't tell him too much about ^{the} demonstration would be. I thought Dr. Feist could do that much better.

GUNTHER: Of course, of course. By the way, Mr. Sibbley - I don't believe you've met Dr. Feist.

SIBBLEY: Dr. Feist - this is a pleasure.

ERIC: Thank you very much. I hope we haven't kept you waiting too long -

SIBBLEY: (EXPANSIVELY) Not at all - not at all.

ERIC: We have so many adjustments to make. Will you ~~sit~~ right over there? Willa - you can sit beside Mr. Sibbley.

GUNTHER: (COMING IN) I told Mr. Sibbley you would give him a fuller explanation of what we're doing here.

ERIC: Certainly. As you know, Mr. Sibbley, Dr. Gunther and I have made a revolutionary ~~step~~ in man's conquest of the mystery of life and death. We have just recently perfected what we call the Feist-Gunther Method of Vivifying Inert Organisms. We've really progress beyond what you'll see in this demonstration - but to make what we're accomplishing understandable to the layman you'll see life restored to the head of a dog.

GUNTHER: That will ^{just} give you an idea of the direction we're working.

BIZ: ELECTRIC MOTOR STARTS - REGULAR, PUMP-LIKE THROB -

ERIC: This glass receptical acts as the heart. After the circulation starts the ~~oscillator~~ waves will be sent thru the solution thus vivifying the molecules. What is the temperature, Dr. Gunther?

GUNTHER: Why - it's - it's -

ERIC: (WHISPER) Shut up. (ALoud) One hundred fifty ~~xxx~~ fahrenheit. That's splendid. Now the oscillator.

BIZ: SNAP - HIGH FREQUENCY OSCILLATION - SOUND REGISTER -

ERIC: Now I'll remove the cover from the head of the animal so that you can see the reaction as the -

WILLA: (AWAY - EMITS STIFFLED SCREAM -)

ERIC: (FLINTILY) I think you had better leave, Willa.

WILLA: (RUNNING AWAY - EMOTIONALLY) I will, I will. I just can't ^{wait} ~~just wait~~ -

BIZ: DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED QUICKLY - AWAY -
(PAUSE)

ERIC: You'll have to pardon Miss Benton. She's rather high strung and can't quite bring herself to view the animal with the same sort of objectivity as we doctors do.

SIBBLEY: (DRY-TONGUED) Yes - yes, of course. It is a rather - err - disturbing sight.

(GOING AWAY)
ERIC: You'll soon forget that, Mr. Sibbly. Perhaps you'd better ^{like} move your chair a little closer. Watch carefully when the speed of the pumping action is increased - watch the eyes particularly.

BIZ: SPEEDING UP OF MOTOR - TEMPO OF PULSING INCREASES -

ERIC: (WHISPER) ~~Look at~~ the dog's head, you fool - and don't look so terrified.

(ALSO)

GUNTHER: I can't, Eric - it give me the creeps.

ERIC: (EXASPERATED) Then watch the ammeter. (ALOUD) You'll notice the jaws seem to tighten just a bit. That, of course, is an involuntary action as the brain is not yet functioning completely. . . . The blinking of the eyes is also involuntary. Just allow a few more seconds -

(PAUSE)

There. Now the brain is functioning - and the sight. The conditions of the synapses in the neural pathway ^{of the eyes} are nearly normal now ~~in the eyes~~. See - I pass my ~~eyes~~ hand in front of the eyes . . . and you notice the blink; ~~involuntary~~. Next the animal's mind will become conscious of pain -

(PAUSE - SOUND UP SLIGHTLY)

SIBBLEY: (GASPS) The mouth - it moved!

ERIC: (PLEAASED) Yes - another reflex action. An attempt to bark. Watch.

(ANOTHER PAUSE)

BIZ: WEAK, AGONIZED AND BREATHY BARK -

ERIC: (TRIUMPHANTLY) There!

SIBBLEY: (HORRIED) It's wonderful - and horrible.

ERIC: (FASCINATED) It's growing stronger -

BIZ: LOUDER BARK - PAIN - REPEATED -

ERIC: Think of it! - a moment ago the brain was dead - now - alive! - alive!

SIBBLEY: The poor dog. The poor, poor dog!

ERIC: (RAISING VOICE) Science, Mr. Sibley! The dog is a sacrifice to science -

BIZ: HIGH PITCHED YELP OF PAIN - REPEATED -

SIBBLEY: (HYSTERICALLY) Stop it! Stop that maching!

ERIC: Mr. Sibbley - control yourself. It's just an experiment that -

SIBBLEY: (INTERRUPTING) Stop that ~~making~~ terrible thing! It's inhuman!

ERIC: Please - please, Mr. Sibbley! This is in the interest of science. Think of it - renewing life - this is just a step.

SIBBLEY: (RAISING VOICE) Stop it! Stop that thing!

GUNTHER: Calm down, Mr. Sibbley. With this start think what we can do. With your financial help we'll have -

SIBBLEY: No! No! - not a cent! - I wouldn't give you a cent of my money! This is ghastly - inhuman. I'll tell the authorities!

ERIC: ~~Please - please~~ ^{Now now} Mr. Sibbley! It's just an demonstration.

SIBBLEY: Stop that thing! I won't give you a cent of my money to carry on an awful thing like that!

GUNTHER: (LOWER TONES) Turn it off, Eric! I'll talk to him.

ERIC: ~~(GOING AWAY) I'll turn it off~~ ^(already) Mr. Sibbley! Where are you going?

SIBBLEY: I'm getting out of this terrible place. I'm going to ^{inform} tell the authorities ^{of what you're doing} ~~about this~~. I won't allow a thing like this to go on in a civilized world. I won't!

GUNTHER: But we need you financial help to carry on -

SIBBLEY: Not ^{over} A cent! That's final.

GUNTHER: But you brought the money with you - didn't you?

SIBBLEY: Yes - but you'll not have a penny of it! Let go of me!

(SOUND OF SCUFFLE)

GUNTHER: Shut up! Feist will turn it off!

SIBBLEY: Let go of me!

GUNTHER: I just want to talk to you!

SIBBLEY: Take your hands off of me! I'll have the police -

GUNTHER: I told you to shut up and I - (EXERTION) meant it!

BIZ: A CRACK ON THE HEAD - BODY SLUMPS TO FLOOR -

SIBBLEY: (GROANS)

(PAUSE)

ERIC: Good Lord! What did you do that for?

GUNTHER: (THRU TEETH) What didja want me to do? - let him go to the police?

ERIC: You didn't need to crack him so hard ~~X~~ Just a tap with that pipe.

GUNTHER: (CONCERN) Do ya think he's badly hurt?

ERIC: Just a second - (MOVING AWAY) I'll take a look at him. We'll have to get out of here pretty fast no matter how he is.

(PAUSE)

GUNTHER: Turn off that machine. That dog's yelpin' is driving me nuts.

ERIC: Turn it off yourself. You know where the switch is. You've certainly mad4 a mess of this business.

GUNTHER: (AWAY) Is this the switch?

ERIC: Yeah.

BIZ: SNAP - MOTOR STOPS - DOG'S YELPS DIED AWAY IN A WHINE -

(PAUSE)

GUNTHER: ~~(EN)XXX~~ How is he?

(PAUSE)

ERIC: He's dead.

GUNTHER: Good Lord! Dead! - but I just tapped him -

ERIC: (INTERRUPTING) Nevertheless he's dead.

GUNTHER: (PANIC) Wh-what'll we do. He's an important man. He'll be missed and they'll know where -

ERIC: (INTERRUPTING) Shut up. Let me think.

WILLA: (MUFFLED, AS THRU DOOR - SCREAMS!!!)

ERIC: (TENSELY) It's Willa!

BIZ: TWO MEN RUNNING ACROSS BOARD FLOOR - DOOR FLUNG OPEN -

WILLA: (RUNNING IN - SOBBING) The dog - the dog - the dog!

ERIC: What's the matter?! Get ahold of yourself, Willa! What's wrong!

WILLA: (SOBBING HYSTERICALLY) The dog - at the door - just the body.

GUNTHER: What's she talking about?

BIZ: SLAPPING FACE SEVERAL TIMES -

ERIC: Willa! Snap out of it! What happened.

WILLA: The dog!

ERIC: We've turned the motor off.

WILLA: But at the door.

ERIC: What are you trying to say?

WILLA: While you were in there I heard a scratch on the front door - scratching - scratching - I didn't know what it was.

GUNTHER: She's gone nuts.

ERIC: Shut up and listen to her. Yes - what about it, Willa?

WILLA: (SOBBING) I opened the door and there - (BREAKS OFF INTO LONG SOB)

GUNTHER: Eric! ~~Eric!~~ - the door's open! Look - there on the doorstep.

ERIC: (AGHAST) Good God! The dog's body!

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

(PAUSE)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: WARY, LIGHT KNOCKING ON DOOR - REPEATED -

GUNTHER: Eric?

ERIC: (MUFFLED, AS THRU DOOR - GUARDED TONE) Yeah. Open up.

BIZ: KEY IN LOCK - DOOR OPENED - ~~20500~~

ERIC: Yeah.

GUNTHER: Anybody see you?

ERIC: I don't think so. I was doing seventy when I passed the filling station on the Turnpike. It's so dark on the pike the break in the fence won't be noticed till morning.

GUNTHER: Good. Y' didn't take off the gloves, did you?

ERIC: Do you think I'm crazy?

GUNTHER: I just don't want to take any chances. Guy's have been known to leave fingerprints around in the wrong places.

ERIC: Yeah-yeah. If we wipe off Willa's prints we're in the clear.
(PAUSE) By the way, how is she?

GUNTHER: Pretty high.

ERIC: Drunk, huh?

GUNTHER: Yeah - more drunk than scared anyway.

ERIC: We'd better let her stay that way until we get out of this place. I know how she feels.

GUNTHER: Y'know we've got to get some of that equipment out of -

WILLA: (AT DISTANCE) Eric! Eric, is that you?

GUNTHER: Willa's heard you. Answer ~~you~~ her.

ERIC: (CALLING) Everything's okay, honey.

WILLA: (COMING IN) Eric - please - take me out of here. I can't stand it - this awful place -

ERIC: (WARMLY) Take it easy, hon - we'll leave in just a few minutes.

WILLA: Wh-what did you do with Mr. Sibbley?

GUNTHER: Ran him off the cliff on the turnpike in his car.

ERIC: It'll look like an accident. Don't worry about it.

WILLA: Please, Eric - can't we leave now?

ERIC: We have just a few things to do, honey - then we'll go.
(GOING AWAY)

GUNTHER: I - I'll be gettin' out to bury that dog's body

ERIC: (SUSPICIOUS) Wait a minute!

GUNTHER: (SNEAKILY) I'm just going to -

ERIC: (INTERRUPTING) How about the money.

GUNTHER: (INNOCENCE ITSELF) Money?

ERIC: (IRRITATED) Yes - money, money! The money Sibbley had with him. Did he bring the entire twenty thousand?

GUNTHER: Why - no. Only had ~~three~~ thousand on him.

WILLA: That's a lie! I was with him when -

GUNTHER: (BREAKING IN) Shut up! *Your dream.*

ERIC: (SMOOTHLY) Why don't you want to hear what she has to say, Gunther? ^{trying} You're not to pull a fast one by any chance, are you? (PAUSE) What were you saying, honey.

WILLA: I said he's lying. I went with Gunther to the bank and he drew the full twenty thousand.

(PAUSE)

ERIC: Well - what about it, Gunther?

GUNTHER: (DEFIANTLY) Okay - he did have the twenty thousand on him - but who planned this?

ERIC: Get to the point.

GUNTHER: (BREEZILY) ~~Okay~~ All right . . . You and Willa are going to get a thousand apiece.

ERIC: Yeah? I don't think so.

GUNTHER: Listen, you - I planned this - you just helped me - so I've decided to cut you in for - (BREAK - THEN CHANGE OF TONE) Oh - that. Put the gun away. I've put my share where I can find it and you'll take what I give you.

ERIC: You won't have much fun spending it if you're ^{heads} ventilated with six holes.

GUNTHER: Quit bluffing, Feist. It won't do you any good to kill me - you won't find the money.

ERIC: (GRIMLY) Oh, yes I will. You're going to tell me where it is.

GUNTHER: (CHUCKLES) No good, Feist. I don't scare so easily.

ERIC: Hold this gun on him, Willa - if he makes a pass at me drill him. (SOFTLY) Steady, honey.

GUNTHER: I tell you, Feist, you don't deserve any more than ^{a thousand} and that's all you'll get.

ERIC: (THRU TEETH) Think so? (EXERTION)

BIZ: A STEAMY SLAP ON THE FACE -

GUNTHER: Why, you - !

ERIC: Keep him covered, Willa! (MENACINGLY) So you're not going to tell, huh? (EXERTION)

BIZ: A STRAIGHT ONE TO THE CHIN - MAN FALLS TO FLOOR -

GUNTHER: (GROANS)

(PAUSE)

ERIC: (GRIMLY) Get in the other room, Willa - and shut the door.

WILLA: But, Eric - we've got to get out of -

ERIC: (INTERRUPTING) There's a bottle in there. Get busy with it.

WILLA: You're not going to do anything to him that -

ERICA (BREAKS IN) Get ~~it~~ there!

WILLA: Well -

BIZ: WOMAN WALKING ACROBS WOODEN FLOOR - DOOR CLOSED -

WILLA: (TO SELF) Why - why did I get into this? - why did I let Eric do it? . . (SNIFF) . . I can't go on drinking like this all night . . . that poor dog - those eyes -

GUNTHER: (AT A DISTANCE - MUFFLED - SCREAMING) Don't! Please - please! don't! (SHRIEK)

WILLA: (GASPS) '

(FADING)

GUNTHER: Eric! Don't! Please - for the love of God * please - please, don't - ~~don't~~ -

(FADE COMPLETED)

BIZ: FADE IN TICKING OF CLOCK - REGISTER - FADE -

(PAUSE)

BIZ: DOOR OPEN -

(PAUSE)

WILLA: Eric! - Eric, what's the matter?

ERIC: (TEARS AND ANGER) He didn't tell - I couldn't make him tell - he wouldn't tell me -

WILLA: (ALARMED) Eric - Eric, what have you done to him?

ERIC: (VACANTLY) He - he won't tell - he just screamed and said he wouldn't tell me. Now we'll never find it - eighteen thousand dollars -

WILLA: What did you do to him! Tell me!

ERIC: He died - and he wouldn't tell me - and the money's lost - gone - we'll never find it!

WILLA: (HORRIFIED) You - you killed him!

ERIC: He deserved it - robbed me, that's what he did - cheated - robbed me -

WILLA: And you killed him!

ERIC: He wouldn't tell - no matter what I did to him - he wouldn't tell.

WILLA: You killed him!!

ERIC: (HYSTERICALLY) Quit saying that!! (SOBBING) The money was as much mine as it was his - now we'll never find it - never! (SOBBING - FACE IN HANDS)

WILLA: (SOFTLY) Take a drink, Eric - you're not yourself . . . It'll do you good . . . Eric - what's the matter? Don't look at me like that!

ERIC: (COMPOSED - ICILY CALM) He - won't - cheat us.

WILLA: Please, Eric - let's get away from here - far away -

ERIC: (AS THOUGH HE HASN'T HEARD HER) No - he won't cheat us. He died - but I'll find out - I'll find out -

WILLA: Listen to me, Eric - we can go to New York - take a boat for someplace - get away from here.

ERIC: (ALMOST DREAMILY) The dog's head barked, willa - it barked.

WILLA: Don't - please don't talk about that.

ERIC: It barked. The dog was dead - Gunther's dead. Maybe . . . maybe his head will talk.

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

WILLA: Eric - I can't stand this. Stop it! - let's just go - leave everything - just go.

ERIC: (A TRIFFLE MAD NOW) Gunther has something to tell us. A little secret that I know ~~he~~ he'd like to share - now.

WILLA: This is terrible, Eric. We'll never be able to forget it.

ERIC: We'll have the money - that'll help us forget, ~~and~~

WILLA: Eric - you're - you're mad.

ERIC: (GIDDILY) Mad? Ummmm - perhaps - just a little teeny bit.

WILLA: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ It's inhuman, fiendish - you can't do it!

ERIC: Ohh - but I can do it. Gunther will talk to me - and he tell me. Scalpel.

WILLA: Eric - listen to me.

ERIC: (INSISTANTLY) Scalpel!

WILLA: We- we don't know what terrible things this will cause.

(PAUSE)

ERIC: What d'ya mean by that?

WILLA: It isn't right - it's defying the laws of God, Eric. We can't do it. That dog -

(PAUSE)

ERIC: What about the dog?

WILLA: You saw it yourself - there on the doorstep - and I heard it scratch on the door. I heard it, Eric - I know I did.

ERIC: Nonsense! Some of the farm kids around here must be trying to play a prank - found the headless dog and thought they'd scare us.

WILLA: You know that isn't possible, Eric. It's something else - I know it.

ERIC: What, for instance?

WILLA: Couldn't it - couldn't it be possible that the mind - brought back to life like that - could control the muscles of the body, even if the body were some distance away?

(PAUSE)

ERIC: Of course not. That's silly.

WILLA: Then how can you explain what happened.

ERIC: Listen - I don't know - but I know it couldn't be that.

WILLA: How do you know? Maybe there's a telepathic connection between the head and the body. When you cut off the head of a snake the body still moved.

ERIC: Awww - that's muscular contraction.

WILLA: How do we know that? We don't, Eric. We don't know that.

(PAUSE)

ERIC: I'll take that chance. . . Give me the scalpel.

WILLA: You're not - (BREAKS OFF)

ERIC: Yes - I'm going to cut off his stubborn head. Get out of the room if you don't want to see it.

BIZ: WOMAN WALKING AWAY -

ERIC: Don't leave the house. I'll need your help in a few minutes.

BIZ: DOOR OPENED - CLOSED -

(FROM THIS POINT ON ERIC'S SPEECH LEAVES LITTLE DOUBT THAT HE IS; TO SAY THE LEAST, UNBALANCED)

ERIC: Now see if you'll keep your secret, Gunther . . .
You won't have your body around to help you - just
your head - and your eyes - and your tongue. (CHUCKLE)
Yes, you'll have your tongue, Gunther - and you'll
use it. See if you can keep your secret now ... Hmmm -
just see if you can . . . The dog could bark - you can
do as well as a dog, can't you, Gunther . . . Sure -
the dog can bark - you can talk - and remember . . .
Too bad you never studied surgery, Gunther - you're
missing an excellent operation. You didn't know I'm a
great surgeon, did you. The best - that's what I ~~xxxx~~ am -
and the world ^{will} have known it - but, no - I'm disbarred. . .
You had your hand in that, too, didn't you? . . . You
wanted me disbarred. You'll never forget that. You'll
rue the day you ever met me . . . My hands' shaking - sure -
but it'll do the job. Off with your head, Gunther. Just
a slice thru your sterno-mastoid muscle. See? - my hand's
steady enough - but I must be careful - nothing must prevent
your miraculous return to life - must be careful of your
trapezius, got to cut it way down here - it'll shrink
up - and I'll need that to make you talk. You are going
to talk, you know. (CHUCKLE) Talk and like it . . . Here's
your external jugular - (START FADE) - See? I know where
everything is -

(FADE COMPLETED)

(FADING IN)

ERIC: - and a chip ~~xxxx~~ on your lymphatic glands; we don't want them to swell and spoil your return to life. You've got a speech to make, Gunther - only you don't know it.

(ALoud) Willa! . . . Willa!

(PAUSE)

BIZ: DOOR OPEN - AWAY -

ERIC: Come on it. Give me a hand . . . Don't just stand there. Turn up the flame under the Bunsen . . . What's the matter? - ya crocked?

WILLA: I - don't - like - this.

ERIC: Yeah-yeah - I know - but you'll like the ten thousand. That's your share, hon.

WILLA: I don't like it.

ERIC: Okay - you don't like it - but turn up that flame. Gunther is ready to talk to us -

BIZ: SWITCH - MOTOR STARTS - SLOW PULSE -

WILLA: (LOW, GUTTERAL TONES) He looks awful.

ERIC: Well - that's the way, kid - not afraid to look at him, eh?

WILLA: Oh - but will I ever forget.

ERIC: You'll forget it.

WILLA: His face - it's so blue.

ERIC: Your face'd be a little blue is your head were here and your body sitting on a chair over there.

WILLA: Cute sense of humor you have - sitting his body up in a chair..

ERIC: Maybe he'll feel more like talking with his body sitting up.

(PAUSE) What's the temperature of the solution?

WILLA: ~~Ann~~ - hundred fifty three -

ERIC: Fine. Now the oscillator -

BIZ: TURNING ON OSCILLATOR - INCREASE RATE OF PULSE SPEED -

(LONG PAUSE)

WILLA: It working?

ERIC: His forehead's warming up. We'll know in a second of two.
(PAUSE)

WILLA: Eric! He's - he's -

ERIC: (EAGERLY) Yeah - yeah - he's trying to open his eyes.
(SOOTHINGLY) Try, Gunther - try - try. Open your eyes.
(PAUSE)

WILLA: (A LITTLE GASP)

ERIC: There! That's fine - open them wider. Look at me, Gunther -
it's me - Eric Feist - see? ^{remember now} Thought you were thru with me,
didn't you. I don't give up, Gunther - never - ever . . .
Trying to say something, eh?

WILLA: Eric - don't go thru with it! Don't -

ERIC: (SOFTLY) Oh - just a little chat with Gunther - just long
enough to find out what I want to know. You know what I
want to know, don't you, Gunther? . . . You'll talk to me
now, won't you? . . . That's right - move your lips. You
can talk.
(PAUSE)

GUNTHER: (A HOARSE WHISPER - SCARCELY AUDIBLE) Let me die!

WILLA: (GASP) He said - he said "Let me die!"

ERIC: That's a start, Gunther - just a start -

GUNTHER: The pain - pain - I want to die. Please, Eric - please -
for the love of God - ~~please~~ - stop - let me die.

ERIC: No-no - not yet, Gunther. Where did you hide the money?

GUNTHER: I can't remember - I can't remember -

ERIC: Tell me!

GUNTHER: Let me die - I want to die -

WILLA: Eric - don't do this to him -

ERIC: He'll tell me - or else I'll keep him alive for - for a year -

GUNTHER: Oh, mother of Mercy! - take me - take me from this - I don't deserve it -

ERIC: Are you going to tell me where you hid the money?

GUNTHER: I can't - I can't remember - I can't - I'd tell you - Oh! the pain -

WILLA: (A LITTLE SCREAM - GOING AWAY)

ERIC: Willa - Willa, where are you going!

WILLA: (A LONG SOB - CUT OFF BY -)

BIZ: DOOR CLOSSES -

ERIC: Well - she can't stand to see you this way - but I can -

BIZ: MAN WALKING ACROSS FLOOR -

ERIC: (GOING AWAY) Think it over for a minute, Gunther. You'll remember - just try -

BIZ: DOOR OPEN -

ERIC: (AWAY) Come back here, Willa - I need your help.

GUNTHER: Lord of Mercy - take me away from this - please - please -

ERIC: (COMING IN) Have you remembered where the money is, Gunther?

GUNTHER: God as my judge - I can't remember! I can't remember.

ERIC: I can keep you alive, just like this, for hours, days, weeks - and the pain won't lessen - not at bit. Think of it - you can't die now - not until I want you to die - and you'll tell me -

GUNTHER: I can't remember - I can't remember - the pain - pain - I can't stand it -

ERIC: And you can't stop it. Tell me, Gunther - tell me where the money is - then I'll let you die.

GUNTHER: I can't think - the pain. I can't think. Let me die -

ERIC: When you tell me where the money is.

GUNTHER: I can't - I can't! Oh - what have I done to deserve this? - what?

ERIC: Just tell me, Gunther - then I'll let you die.

WILLA: (AWAY) Eric - please stop the motors. I'll never be able to forget - never -

ERIC: Come on in, Willa - and look at the man who robbed us now. Not so sure of himself.

GUNTHER: Willa! Willa! I never did anything to you. Turn off those motors!

WILLA: He's talking to me, Eric. Please - please let him die. We don't want the money - we can go away someplace - and start all over again - let him die, Eric -

ERIC: He's tell us in just a minute, Willa - then we'll have twenty thousand dollars.

GUNTHER: No you won't.

ERIC: You forget, Gunther, I can keep you alive till you remember where the money is.

GUNTHER: But you won't do it.

ERIC: Oh, yes I will!

GUNTHER: Look behind you!

~~ERIC~~: What do you -

WILLA: (SCREAMS) The - the body!

ERIC: Good Lord! Turn off the motor! Turn off the motor, Willa.

GUNTHER: No you won't.

ERIC: Go around ~~him~~ it!

~~XXXXXXXX~~: WILLA: (SCREAM - FADING AWAY -)

GUNTHER: She's fainted. Now she can't turn off the motors until I get you. And I will get you!

ERIC: My eyes are fooling me - fooling me. You're dead - your body can't move!

GUNTHER: ^{my body is there but} and I'm moving my body - my mind is here - ~~but~~ my body still does what my mind tells it, Eric - and I'll kill you.

ERIC: You can't! can't - this is all a dream - a dream!

GUNTHER: You can't get away from me!

ERIC: I'll turn off the -

GUNTHER: You can't! - can't. Your throat -

ERIC: (STRUGGLING) Gunther - don't - don't -

GUNTHER: (GRITTING TEETH) I'm strong, Eric - strong! You've had your last breath -

(THE DELIGHTFUL SOUNDS OF STRANGLING)

BIZ: BODY DROPS TO FLOOR -

GUNTHER: I did it! - did it! He'd dead - Ohhh - the pain -

I must find the switch - the switch - must find it -

If I can just get my body to the switch - feel around -

(PAUSE)

There!

BIZ: CLICK OF SWITCH - MOTOR SLOWS DOWN GRADUALLY -

GUNTHER: (WEAKER) I've done it ... Death - I'll have it - death -

(A VERY WEAK SIGH DRIFTING OFF AS -)

BIZ: THE MOTOR COMES TO A COMPLETE STOP - GONG - REGISTER AND OUT -

ANNOUNCER: "THE BARK OF A DEAD DOG" - written by Charles Gussman, produced by Gordon T. Hughes - came to you from our Chicago studios.

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(CHIMES)